

# Funny Happenings of Real Life

## Tradition of Tahiti.

**W**HEN I first went to Tahiti," said a traveler from the south seas, "I landed on one of the remote islands. The first night I went in state to visit the chief. He was a fine old fellow, fully six feet two in height, and a man every inch of him. I happened to know people who had lived on his island for a time. Through an interpreter he asked me all kinds of questions about them—if they were well, if their hair was getting gray, how much money they had, etc. Then conversation languished.

"At length I heard him repeating to the interpreter a word that sounded like 'yonel-sulwan.' The interpreter seemed to catch it finally. He said:

"He wants to know how is John L. Sullivan? Is he fighting as hard as ever?"

"Oh, no," I said truthfully. "John L. Sullivan isn't champion any more. He was beaten by a big man from the west, and a man from the big islands beat that man, and another big man from the west beat him."

"When this was told to the chief he looked me all over and said something in a very positive tone.

"He tells me," said the interpreter, "that he doesn't believe you. He thinks you don't like John L. Sullivan."

"Everywhere I went on the islands it was the same story. When they found that I was an American they all asked for John L."

"It appears that the Americans first began to come in numbers to the islands about the time when John L. was supposed to be unbeatable. These Americans introduced the boxing game.

"It was a great hit. Every native wanted to learn. And when the Americans told of their great champion the natives took it all in and made him a tribal tradition."—Detroit Free Press.

## Getting Him to Work.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the president of the Woman Suffrage association, was citing diplomatic ways of making children work.

"A Chicago woman," she said, "has a little boy who hates to practice writing. Last fall she told me that in this matter of writing she could do nothing with the lad. But in December, when I met her again, she said complacently:

"Well, Harry spends quite two hours a day now at his writing regularly."

"How in the world," said I, "did you bring this miracle to pass?"

"The woman winked slightly.

"I told him," she said, "to make out, in his very best hand, a list of everything he wanted for Christmas, and he has been at it ever since."—New York Tribune.

## Rousing His Fighting Blood.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon tells this story of his early days in the practice of the law in Illinois:

Patrick McDonald, an Irishman, was a well known character in the town of Danville. He was a loud talker and was constantly "butting in" where he wasn't wanted. Harrison Wheelock, who was known throughout the country by the contraction of "Hat," was another local celebrity. Wheelock was talking with a fellow citizen in the main street one afternoon when McDonald came up and attempted to participate in the conversation. "Get out of this," said Wheelock, and when McDonald attempted to parley, the former made a lunge at him with his strong right arm. McDonald ran like the wind and Wheelock was close after him. Later in the day Wheelock was placed under arrest by a constable on a warrant sworn out by Mc-

Donald, who charged that Wheelock had threatened him and that he felt his life endangered.

"Hat" Wheelock retained Cannon, then a young lawyer struggling for a reputation, to defend him. The case, which was heard before the local justice, attracted a large number of the townsmen. McDonald had given his version of the affair when "Uncle Joe" started in on the cross-examination. After leading him on for a while, Cannon asked, in all seriousness:

"Mr. McDonald, you say that you are afraid of being deprived of your life by the defendant?"

"I do, sir," McDonald replied.

"Then you admit that Mr. Wheelock, the plaintiff, can whip you?"

"Not by a long sight. I kin lick a dozen of him."

"That's all, Mr. McDonald," responded the young attorney. "That's all, your honor," he said, turning to the court.

The justice, with great dignity, dismissed the case.

## First Lessons in Wisdom.

"Up in my balliwick," said Colonel Abe Gruber, "there is a Hebrew and a son of the Ould Sod, who are near neighbors and friends, but the descendant of Brian Boru, who manages to make just enough to keep him from week to week, has long been filled with wonder as to the causes which make for the prosperity of his Hebrew friends. To clear the matter up he called on his friend, who, by the way, bears the same Christian name as mine, if it may be so called.

"Abe," said Mike, "how is it you fellows are all so prosperous? What do you do? Let me in on the secret."

"Well, we're wise," replied Abe. "We eat fish."

"Fish, is it? What kind of fish?"

"I sell 'em," was Abe's shrewd reply.

"How much are they?" said Mike, his curiosity now thoroughly aroused.

"Five dollars apiece."

"I'll take one," said Mike finally.

"We don't sell less than three," said Abe, sizing up his man.

"Well, I'll take a chance," said Mike. "Give me three."

"Abe went over to his safe after pocketing the \$15 and brought out three diminutive fishes of the dried variety. These he handed to Mike, who looked them over carefully and finally took a bite from one of them.

"Say, Abe," said Mike suspiciously, "these things taste a divil of a lot like smoked herrings."

"Now, you see," said Abe in seeming glee, "you're getting wise already."—New York Times.

## A Tragedy in School Life.

Barrett Wendell of Harvard was citing examples of anti-climax.

"A school master," he said, "had a visitor. He took this visitor to the playground. Here a half-dozen boys were at play, while a seventh, a lad of most intelligent appearance, sat writing under a tree.

"The boy at work," said the school master, "is Brown. I am proud of him. See him, how diligently he applies himself, while his friends waste their time in idleness. I wonder what he can be writing? Tomorrow's Latin prose, I fancy. We'll find out."

"He called Brown to him.

"Here, Jimmy, let me see that," he said, and he extended his hand for the paper.

"But the boy flushed and hung back.

"No, sir," he stammered. "I don't want to."

"Note his modesty," the school master whispered to his friend. Then he went on:

"Come, Jimmy, come on. Let me see what you have been writing there."

"Still the boy demurred. But the school master, insisting, at last secured the paper, and this is what he found on it, written in neat imitation of a feminine hand:

"Please excuse my son James from school today, as he is needed at home."

## Palmerston Sat Him Down.

When the late Lord Palmerston, who had a keen sense of humor, first put up for the Parliamentary representation of Tiverton, and had duly introduced himself to the electors in the usual manner at a public meeting, a youth, scarcely out of his teens, mounted the platform and requested permission to ask his lordship some questions.

The audience appeared somewhat astounded at his impudence, but the veteran statesman showed neither annoyance, surprise nor contempt. Coolly, quietly and clearly he answered question after question, till the malapert querist appeared satisfied.

"And now, young man," said Palmerston, "may I be allowed to ask you a question?"

"Oh, certainly, my lord; most certainly," replied the unsuspecting catechist, "anything you please."

"Thank you. Then may I inquire, does your mother know you're out?" asked his lordship, gravely, and the youth made a hasty exit amid roars of laughter.—New York News.

## One on Colver.

F. L. Colver, president of Frank Leslie's publishing house, tells the following as an illustration of the quick wit of an Irishman who was sent to take some furniture to the storage warehouse preparatory to the family going to their summer home.

Colver, who was in the library, heard sounds of unusual puffing and blowing as one of the men was staggering downstairs under a weighty piece of furniture.

"What are you taking down," he called out, "the light oak dresser?"

"No, sir," panted Pat, "sure O'm takin' down the heavy mahogany one."

## Matt Carpenter's Aside.

Former Assistant Attorney General James M. Beck told the following story the other day of "Matt" Carpenter, the famous Wisconsin senator. Carpenter was pleading a case before the Supreme Court. Before he got half through with his argument the judges had made up their minds that his case was without merit, and, moreover, that he was unprepared. When he finished his argument and counsel for the other side got up to reply the judges whispered to each other, nodded, and then the chief justice said:

"I don't think it will be necessary to hear from you, sir."

Carpenter's opponent was very deaf, and he could only tell the chief justice was addressing him. He turned to Carpenter for aid.

"What did the chief justice say, Matt?" he whispered.

"He said he'd rather give you the case than listen to you," Carpenter bawled in his ear.—New York Times.

## What the Lion Tamer Feared.

L. T. Minnick, of Pottsdam, Ohio, who once traveled as head of a circus, has many stories of the tricks and manners of the show folk and of the wild animals they carry about with them.

"Along in the days just before his death

Colonel Dan Boone, the famous hunter and trainer," he said, "developed a fear of bronchitis, which grew to be a regular nervous mania. He would go into the cage with a snarling lioness with young cubs without the slightest fear, but was scared to death of a breeze. One day, after an exhibition fight with the fiercest lion we had he came out of the cage and said to me:

"Louis, this will prove the end of me yet."

"Good Lord, colonel," I said, "you aren't losing your nerve? You surely are not getting afraid of that brute?"

"Afraid of that dog!" he said, disgustfully. "Afraid of my hat! Nothing of the sort. But these cages are the worst places for draughts in the country. I know I'll catch a cough some day that'll prove my death."—Louisville Herald.

## The Boy Speculated.

Baron Bouchour, the Belgian minister, visited Baltimore last month. At a dinner in Baltimore he said:

"The spirit of business enterprise and speculation is what impresses me most profoundly in America. For instance, I was riding one day on the outskirts of Washington, and at a certain place I dismounted and got a little boy to hold my horse. I was gone about ten minutes, and on my return I found the first boy gone, and another, a smaller one, standing at the horse's head.

"How is this?" I said. "You are not the boy I left my horse with."

"No, sir," said the tiny urchin, "I speckled and bought the job off the other fellow for a dime."

"Of course, after that," the minister ended, "it was impossible for me to 'bear' the market."

## How a Waiter Lost a Tip.

At one of the Kansas City hotels where the colored waiters give especially good service, but always expect adequate remunerations for the same from the guests, a waiter was especially officious the other day in serving a man from whom he expected a liberal tip. When the meal had been served and he was standing off at one side, eagerly looking for an opportunity to be of service, he said to the guest:

"Didn't yo' have a brothah heah last week, sah?"

"No," said the one addressed, "I believe not."

"Well," continued the waiter, "thah was a gom'man heah at mah table what looked ve'y much like you, and he was so well pleased with the service that he gave me 50 cents when he left."

The guest had by this time finished his meal, and as he arose he said to the expectant servitor:

"Come to think of it, Sam, that was my brother that was here, and I guess he paid for the whole family. He may be back again in a week or two."—Kansas City Journal.

## Incident of College Life.

President Fish of the Illinois Central railroad tells the following tale of his college days: Some of his classmates went to spend the "week end" at Garrison's, and amused themselves on Saturday evening with a little game of poker. On Sunday they were all assembled in the Fish family pew when the rector ascended the pulpit and gave out this text: "And Ephraim went out with a full hand."

One of the young collegians leaned over to Mr. Fish and whispered:

"Say, Stuyv, what a d-d fool Ephraim was."—New York Times.

